

## VERSE OLD AND



#### Teacher's Pet.

-WILLIAM WALLACK WHITELOCK, Ø Ø Ø

## Blesring's Over-A Stockman's

When the last bale's on and the ropes are fettelied,
And the team set into their chains;
Warn the leader books in a gallant way that ever the well-grassed plains,
With a year's monotoness work ahead,
Where the shade is seant, and the sell is red.
And the effect land in the heat is dead,
We turn again to the changless run;
Shoaring's over, shearing's done.

They have rolled their swags, they are fur and wide.

mot wide.

By a houdred varied ways
The shearers head for the harvest hands,
And the pleasure of earier days,
Where the fruit is ripe and the shady trees
prop less the gifts on their nerveless knees,
it they sit and yarn in their careless case,
it they sit and yarn in their careless case,
it all wey. We turn to the changeless run;
it Shearing's over, shearing's done.

There are girls to woo, there are wives to

The second of the second of the second of the second of thousand love that are theirs to know, As they plan of things to be.

As they plan of things to be.

As they plan of things to be.

Where all, abrad, and their functes range free things, which is new, yet where mought is stronge.

And we't We rurn to the change ess run.

Shearing's over, shearing's done.

We think of the dreary days to be, in the thinst of the endless plain, Of the sheep in drive and the wires to mend, the shearing coines again. And we feel that our life is dult and stale With the dreminess of a twice-fold tale; and our hopes for the future almost fall. As we then again to the changeless run; Shearing's over, shearing's done.

BY W. M. FLEMING.

### **8** 9 9

A Poor Man's Prayer. Protest me, Lord, from these, splits,

Protest me, Lord, from these, Thy salvits.
The same more from the feel the same due, to deal me not fine the's kands, 'These brettern, long and pair. Who calls this central "A valls of Tears," thand promptly selve the "Valle.")

O not me not hat their hower, 'These too meconium good.
Who teads us what we shouldn't do 'And meach us what we shouldn't do 'And meach us what we shouldn't do 'And soor elean nareades,' all soor feels and the same feels and the same feels and the same feels and the same feels wherean status. That show he has the common blood 'O' manhood in his velus,' and heart that overflows cometimes.'
But in my need, protect me, Lord, From these, 'Thy hubry Faints.

EMANUEL BLAS.

#### How He Caught the 8.15.

On retiring in the evening, as the clock plimed out eleven. chimed out eleven.

He remarked in languist accents, "Call me, please, at half-past sevent for both the for several mornings, but to morrow, minut, I mean.

To catch that early city train—you know, the 8.15."

They called bim in the morning, when the ann had risen high; the mornmed, "What you want? Shut upi Oh, half-past seven—sil ri; "Ill be down in half a lifty! Then he rubbed his drowsy pate.
Growled softly, thumped the pillow, and slept on till half-past eight.

When the clock was pointing grimty, with the bands at five to usine. He bounded madly down the stairs in boots devoid of white: His colors stud was missing, his the was round his ear. And his wild demands for "breakfast?" made the household quake with fear.

His coffee was at boiling point—he looked for milk in valu;
He conduit find his hat, his gloves—and who had grabbed his caue?
One muttered word henceth his breath, one frantic rush, and then—
He just got in the smoker of the twenty-flye to ten.

8 8 8

#### In Winter.

Sad is your value. O Winter Wind, When all the woods are white and sere . . Sweet are the thoughts you leave behind;

Where laden brambles trading blind The little paths in Summer clear— Bad is your voice, O Winter Windf

You wake and music in the mind -And yet. . . 'tis sweet to feel you near; Sweet are the thoughts you leave behind-

For Reverie is now refined By Peace, and knows no common fear; Sad is your voice, O Winter Wind.

By ELSIE HIGGINBOTHAM.

#### When I Get Time.

When I get time—
I know what I shall do:
I'll cut the leaves of all my books,
And read them through and through.

When I get time...

- I'll write some letters then
Tinat I have owed for weeks and weeks
To many, many men.

When I get time—
I'll pay those calls I owe,
And with those bills, those countless bills,
I will not be so slow.

When I get time , Oh, glorious dream of bliss!
A month, a year, ten years from now
But I can't finish this—
I have to time!

8 8 8

#### The Clown's Prayer.

Lord, I am poor, I have no gift Meet for Thy shrine; My life is spent in joke and jest, So empty, vain, een at its best, This life of mine.

But, Lord, henceth my mirthful face. I, lible a tear.
And when the crowd laugh at the fair.
They seem to gibe at my despair,
and mock my fear.
Lord, I am puor save in this wise:
A chi'd have I,

And as I joke the best I may.

Ite, nucomplaining, fades away.

And soon must die.

Lord, Thou hast many in Thy home. ord, Ane.

I only one;

Think, Lord, a jester's life is sad,

hange not the has" into "he had,"—

Grant me my son.

**e e e** 

WALTER E. GROGAN.

Javes of some great men remind us.
That we will, if we are wise,
Leave our modesty belind us,
And get out and advertise.

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